

# THE SILENT WORLD.

Vol. V.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 15, 1875.

No. 12.

## REMEMBER, BOYS MAKE MEN.

WHEN you see a ragged archin  
Standing wistful in the street,  
With torn hat and kneeless trowsers,  
Dirty face, and bare red feet,  
Pass not by the child unheeding;  
Smile upon him. Mark me, when  
He's grown he'll not forget it;  
For, remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits  
Overflow in boyish freak,  
Chide your child in gentle accents,  
Do not in your anger speak.  
You must sow in youthful bosoms  
Seeds of tender mercy; then  
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage  
When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,  
With his eyes aglow with joy,  
Bring to mind some act of kindness  
Something said to him, a boy?  
Or relate some slight or coldness,  
With a brow all clouded, when  
He said they were too thoughtless  
To remember, boys make men?

Let us try to add some pleasure  
To the life of every boy;  
For each child needs tender interest  
In its sorrow and its joy.  
Call your boys home by its brightness;  
They avoid a gloomy den;  
Seeking elsewhere joy and comfort;  
And, remember, boys make men!

## HETTY MARVIN.

When the British and Tories attacked New London, Connecticut, in 17—, and set a price on the head of Governor Griswold, the latter fled to the town of D—, where his cousin, Mrs. Marvin, hid him for some days in a secluded farm-house. But at length the subtle foe discovered his retreat, and one sunny afternoon in May, he was routed from his hiding place by the tidings that a band of horsemen were approaching to capture him.

His only chance of escape was to reach the mouth of a little creek which emptied itself into the Connecticut River, just above the entrance of the latter into the Long Island Sound. There he had a boat stationed, with two faithful attendants hidden beneath the high banks of the creek. The distance from the farm-house to the boat was two miles by the usual traveled road. But a little path across the farmer's orchard would bring him to the road, only a mile from the boat, and save a quarter's length of his fearful run for life.

Just where the narrow path from the orchard opened into the road, Hetty Marvin sat with her dog Towser, tending the bleaching of her household linen. The long web of forty yards or more, which was diligently spun and woven during the long winter months, was whitened in May, and thus made ready for use. The business of bleaching was well economized, being usually done by the younger daughter of the family, who were not old enough to spin, or strong enough for the heavier work of the kitchen or the dairy.

The roll of linen was taken by the farmer or his stout "help" to a grassy plat, beside a spring or a meadow brook. There it was thoroughly wetted and spread upon the green turf, to take the best heat of the sun by day and the dew by night. The little maiden who tended it would sit near it.

Thus sat Hetty Marvin, the young daughter of Governor Griswold's cousin, when her hunted friend sprang past her into the road to escape from his pursuers. Hetty was a timid child of about twelve years, yet thoughtful and wise beyond any of her elders. She was frightened by the headlong haste with which the governor rushed across the meadow. But she quickly comprehended the scene, and instantly quieted her faithful Towser, who though a friend of the family guest, thought it becoming to bark loudly at his hurried steps.

Her wise forethought arrested the governor's notice, and suggested a scheme to delude his pursuers. "Hetty," he said earnestly, "I am flying for my life; and unless I can reach my boat before I am overtaken, I am a lost man. You see the road forks here. But you must tell those who are chasing me that I have gone up the road to catch the mail wagon, which will soon be along, you know. Then they will turn off the other way.

"Oh, Cousin!" said the little girl, in an agony of distress. "I cannot tell a lie; indeed I cannot; why did you tell me which way you were going?"

"Hetty, dear child, surely you would not betray me to my death! Hark! they are coming—I hear the click of their horses' feet. Oh, Hetty, tell them I have gone up the road instead of down; and Heaven will bless you."

"Heaven never blesses those who speak falsely, cousin! But I will not tell them which way you go, even if they kill me; so run quickly as possible."

"It's of no use; unless I can deceive them I am a dead man."

"Cousin, cousin, hide under my web of cloth; they'd never think of looking here for you. Come, get down as swiftly as you can; and I'll cover you, and stand sprinkling my linen."

"It's my only chance; I'll get down as you say." And suiting the action to the word, the governor was soon hidden under the folds of the cloth.

Angry that their expected prey had escaped from the house where they had hoped to secure him, the six mounted Tories, headed by a British officer, dashed along the road in swift pursuit. At sight of the girl in the meadow, the leader of the party paused.

"Child" he said, sternly, "have you seen a man running hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir," said Hetty, trembling and flushing.

"Which way did he go?"

"I promised not to tell, sir."

"But you must or take the consequences."

"I said I wouldn't tell if you killed me," sobbed the frightened girl.

"I'll have it out of her," exclaimed the furious officer with an oath.

"Let me speak to her," said his Tory guide; "I know the child, I believe. Is't your name Hetty Marvin?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes, sir."

"And this man that ran by you a few minutes ago was your mother's cousin, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir, he was."

"Well, we are friends of his—what did he say to you when he came along?"

"He—told me—that he was flying for his life."

"Just so, Hetty; that was very true. I hope he won't have to fly far. Where was he going to hide? you see I could help him if I knew his plans."

Now Hetty was not a whit deceived by this smooth speech. But she was willing to tell as much of the truth as would consist with his safety, and wisely judged that her frankness would serve her kinsman better than her silence. So she answered her questioner candidly, "My cousin said he was going down to the river where he had a boat, and he wanted me to tell the men that were chasing him that he had gone the other way to catch the mail wagon."

"Why didn't you do as he told you, then, when I asked you where he had gone?" thundered the officer fiercely.

"I could not tell a lie, sir," was the tearful answer.

"Hetty," again began the smooth-tongued Tory, "you are a nice child. Everybody knows you are a girl of truth. What did your cousin say when you told him you couldn't tell a falsehood?"

"He said he shouldn't think I'd betray him to his death."

"And you then promised him that you wouldn't tell which way he went, if you were killed for it?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was a brave speech; and so I suppose he thanked you for it, and ran down the road as quickly as possible."

"I promised not to tell where he went, sir."

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Well, tell us his last words, we won't trouble you any more."

"His last words were, 'It's my only chance, child, and I'll get down as you say.' And overcome by fright, and the sense of her kinsman's danger, should they rightly interpret the language which she had reported, she sobbed aloud, and hid her face from sight."

Her tormenters did not stay longer to soothe or question her. They had got, as they supposed, the information which they wanted, and pushed rapidly on down to the river. Now the governor had arranged a signal with his boatmen that a white cloth by day, or a light by night, displayed from the attic window of his hiding place, which was just visible at the mouth of the river, should inform them if he were in trouble and put them on the alert to help him. As soon, therefore, as he started from his cousin's the signal floated from the window to warn them. And when they saw the pursuing party dash madly down the river, and recognized the British uniform of the leaders they pulled swiftly out to sea. The horsemen reached the shore only in season to see the boat with two men in it nearly out of sight; and supposing their destined prey had escaped, relinquished the pursuit.

Meanwhile the hunted victim lay safe and quiet, where the simple shrewdness of the little cousin had hidden him, until the time came for her return for supper. Then he bade her go as usual to her home, telling her to ask her mother to place the signal lamp, as soon as it grew dark in the window for the boatmen, and send him there some supper with his valise, which in the hurry of departure, he had left behind.

The signal recalled the boat, which after twilight had ventured in sight of the farmhouse, and the governor quietly made his way to the river in safety. When he rejoined his father in a secure home, he named his infant daughter which had been born in his absence, "Hetty Marvin," that he might be daily reminded of the little cousin whose truth and shrewdness saved his life.—*Indiana Churchman.*

## ABOUT SOME DOGS.

[From the Illustrated Christian Weekly.]

A GENTLEMAN in Suffolk, being on a journey with a friend and being attended by a Newfoundland dog, the conversation turned on the dog's qualities, and the owner boasted that he would return and find any missing article on being told to do so. To prove this, they alighted, and placed a marked shilling under a stone by the side of the road. They then rode on for three miles, and then the dog was ordered to go back and fetch the shilling. He turned back and they rode on; but, to his master's disappointment, Neptune did not reappear, nor did he return in the afternoon. Great regret was felt, but at four o'clock the dog hastily rushed into the yard, bearing in his mouth a pair of trowsers. On inquiry, it was discovered that he soon found his way back to the stone, but found it too heavy for him to move. He remained, therefore by it till two travellers came by, who were struck by his distress, and by his evident anxiety to get at something under the stone, one of them took the trouble to move it, and seeing the shilling, seized it at once and put it into his pocket. The dog thus disappointed followed them for several miles, until they stopped at a wayside inn. Here he waited until the man in whose pocket the shilling rested, went into a bedroom into which the dog followed him, creeping under the bed. The window was left partly open on account of the heat, and thus it was easy for Neptune, when the traveller was asleep, to take his trousers in his mouth, leap from the window, and take his road home. Thus he arrived safely next morning, bringing with him the missing shilling, but also along with it a strange pair of trousers, with a watch and other money. These of course were all returned, when, after much inquiry, the whole story was brought to light.

Little Frisky was skye terrier, with short legs, long body, and long, white, silky hair. My business called me every Thursday to a neighboring town about ten miles distant. I usually went in a dog-cart, accompanied by my wife, with Frisky scampering and barking all the way, in an ecstatic state of delight. She got so accustomed to the ten-mile run at last, that I have very little doubt that she considered that it was simply to accompany her that we took the journey. One Thursday morning, however, it was so hot that we determined that Frisky should stay at home, and by the aid of some bits of mutton, she was enticed into the kitchen, and the door was closed upon her. But it was useless. When we were about to return in the evening, there was Frisky keeping guard over the dog-cart. She had taken a trip by herself. The next Thursday was also hot and Frisky was again to stay at home, and we started with a suspicion of roguery. We had not gone more than a few hundred yards, before I spied a pair of anxious eyes peeping round a corner, and presently out bounced Frisky screaming with laughter. I took her back greatly to her disgust. The next Thursday no Frisky was to be seen, and we started, fully expecting to see those anxious eyes peeping out of some corner, but nothing appeared, and we hoped all was right. Frisky however was not to be outdone, for when about half the journey was accomplished, we overtook her trotting along in a most business-like manner.

Frisky was always greatly concerned when boxes were being packed. She knew from experience that the absence of her master and mistress would follow. She would look utterly miserable, and would gaze into her mistress' face with an expression which plainly said: "Don't leave me behind." On one occasion she had watched all the packing, and had made many fruitless appeals to be allowed to go with us, but a distinct No, told her that it was hopeless. The starting time, but no Frisky was to be seen. We went



to the station, we took the tickets, got into a car and moved off. About six miles on we had to change cars, and while walking on the platform, I saw people looking and laughing at my wife. What could be the matter? I whispered to her to walk on, and as she did so I observed an odd-looking white thing sticking out beneath her dress. I put my hand to it, and to my utter amazement pulled out Frisky, who had contrived to get in my wife's crinoline so that she actually got six miles before she was discovered. She looked very crest-fallen at being found out, but a few cheery words allayed her fears.

The following story has travelled all over Europe. This copy is from a Norwegian work:

A merchant was on a journey accompanied by his dog. Having transacted his business and received a considerable sum of money, which he carried in a valise behind the saddle, he was now on his way home. As he rode along it appears the valise became detached and fell off the horse. The man never observed this, but the watchful eyes of his four-footed companion, trotting along behind him were instantly alive to the fact, and the dog determined to do his duty, and he seemed to know what his duty was. It was to cause his dear master to stop, for the poor dog was unable to drag the valise along with him. The dog must have had reason and presence of mind to act as he did. Running forward, he commenced barking furiously and springing up at the horse, and continued this behavior so long that the merchant became surprised, and could not conceive what was the matter. He called the dog to be quiet, and gave him a cut of the whip but all in vain. Still he went on barking and snapping as before, and not succeeding in his endeavors to stop the horse, at length jumped on to it and appeared as though he would pull his master to the ground; and when the latter again struck him with the whip he attacked the horse barking and biting at the beast. The merchant seeing all this became alarmed, and began to think that the dog had gone mad; he loved his poor friend, and it would pain him very much to kill him, but he saw no other judicious course; kill him he must. Long he hesitated, trying to quiet him with his voice, but after a time, finding all efforts useless he drew a pistol, pointed it at dog, and turning his eyes away from his victim, pulled the trigger. The good dog fell, but he recovered himself at once sufficiently to crawl howling with agony to his master, still dear to him.

The merchant could not support the sight; he gave his horse a spur and dashed forward, but he soon stopped; he must, he thought, have one look behind him to see if the poor creature whom he had so loved was alive. The dog was not in sight; but what did he also observe? The valise was gone! Then it occurred to him that the fall of this bag was the reason of the dog's singular conduct, and at full gallop back he rode to the spot where he had fired the shot. The dog was not there, but a track of the blood which he followed led him to the place where the dying creature lay guarding the valise. Forsaken by his master he had dragged himself back to it. The man flung himself off his horse; anxiously he examined the poor beast hoping fervently that the wound he himself had inflicted might not be fatal. But alas it was hoping in vain. The faithful dog, that noble beast, that never-to-be-forgotten friend, licked his master's hand, and died.

A SUBSTITUTE for ink has been devised by Dr. Jacobson, of Berlin, which consists of points, like the leads of ordinary pencils, that can be fitted into holders. The writing at first very much resembles lead pencil marks, but when moistened, immediately assumes a violet tint, and then adheres to the paper like ink. As many as six good copies can be taken from it by means of an ordinary copying press.

BAD luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets and his pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck with his sleeves rolled up and working to make it come out right.

#### BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S JOKE.

Tradition has it that years ago, when Benjamin Franklin was a young lad, he began the study of natural philosophy and soon became fond of applying technical names to common objects. One evening, when he mentioned to his father that he had swallowed some marine acephalous mollusks the old man was much alarmed, and suddenly seizing him, called loudly for help. Mrs. Franklin came with some warm water, and the hired man rushed in with a garden pump. They forced half a gallon of water down Benjamin's throat, then held him by the heels over the edge of the porch and shook him, while the old man said, "If we don't get them things out of Benny, he will be pizenized, sure." When they were out and Benjamin explained that the articles alluded to were merely oysters, his father fondled him for half an hour with a trunk strap for scaring the family. Tradition adds that ever afterwards Franklin's language was marvellously simple and explicit.

#### AN AUTHENTICATED GHOST STORY.

A GENTLEMAN had occasion to visit a certain city of New England. He arrived at night, went directly to his accustomed hotel, and to bed, slept soundly throughout the night, and in the morning discovered his watch had stopped during the night. When he opened the door of his room another gentleman was taking in his boots on the opposite side of the corridor; and of him our friend asked if he could tell him what time it was. To his surprise, the gentleman took no notice whatever of the question. He asked again: "Sir, will you be kind enough to tell me what time it is? My watch has stopped." No answer. The gentleman, without looking up, shut his door, and disappeared. At that moment two other gentlemen came walking down the corridor, and Mr. X. asked of them the same question. The two gentlemen, without looking to the right or left, continued their walk without an answer or sign. "Well," thought Mr. X., "this is very curious." However, he went back into his room. Presently the bell rang for breakfast, and immediately a waiter entered the room, seized him by the arm and began a series of gesticulations. Mr. X. lost his temper and burst forth with: "What in thunder is the matter?" When the waiter cried "Oh!" and vanished, laughing, Mr. X. began to think something was very wrong, but went down to breakfast. When he entered the dining-room which commonly had a dozen or twenty people at the tables, he found the hall filled with gentlemen in black coats, all eating gravely, and in perfect silence. A waiter beckoned him to a place, and when he was seated, he said to his neighbor: "Sir, will you be kind enough to tell me what this is all about?" No answer. The person, like Charlotte in "Werler," went on eating bread and butter. Our friend began to feel what the English call queer, and, getting out of his seat, went to the nearest waiter, and piteously besought him, for Heaven's sake, to tell him what was the matter with the house. "Oh!" said the waiter, "don't you know? Why, this is the deaf and dumb convention, which meets to-day in Hartford."—*Old and New.*

SHAD were first known as "shadow" fishes, on account of their timorous nature. They will not cross the shadow of a bridge projecting into the water, but will wait until the apparent obstacle is removed by the passage of the cloud causing the shadow, or the setting of the sun.

# THE SILENT WORLD.

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JOHN E. ELLEGOOD .....Publisher.

WASHINGTON, JUNE 15, 1875.

OUR subscribers who have received *unsigned* receipts as reminders of the expiration of their subscriptions, will please attend to them.

As explained in the Institution News Department, the new German Lutheran Institution in Michigan is rather the permanent establishment of one that has hitherto been added to the list of institutions in this country, viz: that at Royal Oak, Michigan, than a new one. We have no certain information, but from the name and the description of the dedication of the new building, we are inclined to think that the German, and not the English language, is made the basis of instruction. At the dedication, a number of young boys gave an exhibition of their progress and skill in articulation, and are spoken of as "articulating German very distinctly and creditably." There are already twenty-five children under instruction—seventeen boys and eight girls. This is a pretty clear proof that the Institution was needed; and every friend of the deaf and dumb will rejoice that it has been so successfully and permanently established and will wish it success in its work.

Mr. D. H. CARROLL, of the Minnesota Institution, has made a capital suggestion in connection with the coming convention of the Alumni Association of the Ohio Institution, which is to be held at the Institution in Columbus next August. The suggestion is that there shall be an exhibition of the handiwork of those who have acquired sufficient familiarity with their trades since leaving the Institution to be able to send specimens of their skill and proficiency. This exhibition can not fail to be both interesting and profitable, as Mr. Carroll remarks: and we have no doubt that such an exhibition will become a feature of all large gatherings of deaf-mutes sooner or later. The suggestion might be carried a little farther, and each institution in the country have a permanent collection of specimens of the handiwork of its graduates. This collection would be one of the strongest possible proofs of the good each institution had accomplished for its pupils.

## KEEPING COOL.

THE hot weather has now fairly set in; and we are going about in our thinnest garments with the one idea of keeping cool uppermost in our minds. Work, either mental or physical, is distasteful to us, and whatever we can, we put off, because it is "so hot." Some work can not be put off, and that we do, but in a more or less listless unenergetic fashion. In short, the most important business of the hot summer months is to keep cool.

Some people have the knack of doing this to perfection. They are always cool, no matter how hot it is, their shirt-bosoms and collars are never wilted; their dresses, hair, and ribbons are always fresh-looking as if just put on, and it is refreshing to less fortunate mortals to even look at them. Whatever the secret, they do not possess it; do what they will, they are heated, and all they can do is to bear it as best they can.

And it is in "bearing it as best we can" that the whole secret lies. Many of us have studied Dr. Peet's "Part III," and will remember how, in describing men at work mowing on a hot July

day, he says it seems very hard work to us; we think it much pleasanter to lie on the grass in the shade; but if we take off our coats and fall to work in earnest, we will find, as soon as the perspiration has started, that it is really much pleasanter and cooler to work. We have all, doubtless, had experience of this in more than one way.

The truth is, when we are trying to keep cool, the thought that it is hot is ever present in our minds, and we can not help noticing that it is hot. But when we fall actively to work, we expect to be heated as a matter of course, and give our minds to the work we have in hand, and as we become interested in our work, we forget more and more about the heat, and when the work is done and we remember about it again, we are surprised to find how cool we have been.

The lesson is plain. If we would keep cool during the hot weather, the first and most important thing is to forget that it is hot; to stop fretting about the heat. Then, whether we have to work or not, we will take real pleasure in the Summer; and when it is gone and we look back, it will not seem that we have suffered from the heat.

## A CARD FROM THE CHICAGO DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY.

To the superintendents and teachers of deaf-mute Institutions and all others interested in the advancement of deaf-mutes:

We would respectfully invite you all to visit our Society whenever in Chicago and we would be pleased to have you lecture to us on any proper subject you may wish. Our room is No. 18, at 89 East Madison street, where we hold meetings every Sunday at three o'clock, and Wednesday evening at seven o'clock.

MRS. J. M. RAFFINGTON, *President.*

ROBERT M. THOMAS, *Secretary.*

CHICAGO, May, 19, 1875.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

## CORRECTION.

To The Editor of THE SILENT WORLD:

Please allow me to call attention to an error which appeared in the last number of THE SILENT WORLD in an account of a reception given in honor of Mr. W. L. Hill and his bride. The pair of flower vases mentioned was not, as stated, presented by the "Senior Class," but by the Literary Society, of which the Seniors with one exception, are members, but do not constitute a majority nor even one fourth.

Yours, Truly,

D. WEBSTER GEORGE.

KENDALL GREEN, June 4, 1875.

ANAMOSA, IOWA, June 11, 1875.

To the Editor of THE SILENT WORLD:

From time to time I observe a kind of complaint in deaf-mute papers that deaf persons can not obtain life insurance. The trouble with me has been the other way. Life insurance agents in past years have importuned me to take out a policy, and only once did I consent, rather to please an old editorial friend who had turned life insurance agent than because I wished. I insured in the Knickerbocker, New York. Paid two years and then figured out the probable result, suppose I should live to the age of eighty. Found I would pay somewhere near six hundred dollars for one thousand dollars. Bosh! thought I. I could make a more profitable use of six hundred dollars than that, and when the agent called in the third year, told him that I had thrown the whole thing up.



In life insurance there is always the danger of the insurance company failing, especially if a new or young company. And then the person insured may find himself unable to pay promptly, and his policy will lapse. David S. Rogers, at Council Bluffs, can do better. Let him put his surplus funds in a few acres of land near the city, increasing the number of acres as he has the money to buy, and never buying on credit. In process of time these acres will double and quadruple in value as the country settles and manufactures develop. It is far better than so gaudy but uncertain a thing as insurance with the returns so remote and airy.

For deaf-mutes in the East where real-estate is high, the savings banks are handy. In a series of years, by compounding interest, they can double their money, and all the time can be making additions if times and wages are good. And then after saving enough, they can buy homes of their own. It requires industry, economy, and self-denial, but it pays in the end.

Yours truly,

E. BOOTH.

### PERSONAL.

WE would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old school-mate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which may be of interest.

MR. JAS. H. PURVIS is now sojourning in New Mexico.

MR. MICHAEL SMITH, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, has removed from Pittsburgh, Penn., where he was employed in a machine shop, to Columbus, Ohio. He is employed by the Columbus Rolling Mill Co., and earns \$3.25 per day.

MANY of our readers are acquainted with Charles A. Nute and wife, of Sparta, Wisconsin, and graduates of the Hartford Institution. Mrs. Nute's intellect is deranged and she is now an inmate of the hospital for the insane at the Madison the State capital.

THE superstitious people of Shelby County, Ky., believe that John Cotton has been stricken dumb for blasphemy. He cursed God because frost had ruined his crops, and on the same day was attacked by paralysis which bereft him of the power of speech.

MR. JAMES G. GEORGE, one of the teachers of the Kentucky Institution, while sojourning in the country, had an exceedingly narrow escape from a terrible death. He was riding out with a friend, inspecting some splendid cattle, when he was suddenly taken sick, and was obliged to dismount. In doing so, his foot slipped in the stirrup, and his horse jerked him down and became frightened and tried to run away with Mr. George's foot held fast in the stirrup. But, fortunately, Mr. George had hold of the bridle.

MR. JOHN MCGILL and his brother, of New Orleans, La., lately paid a flying visit to this city with Mr. Linton, and visited the deaf-mute College and other places of interest. Mr. McGill's brother can hear and speak, but in such an adept in the sign language that he would pass anywhere for a deaf-mute. Mr. McGill and his wife have altogether abandoned New Orleans as a place of residence. They have been spending the winter in Baltimore, and have been so well pleased with the city and climate that they contemplate living there permanently during the greater part of the year, spending the Summer farther North.

A NEW yacht has just been launched by Mr. Greene, of the Deaf and Dumb Institution. Its dimensions are as follows: Length of keel, twenty-two and one half feet, length over all, twenty-five feet, breadth of beam, nine feet, depth of hold, three feet nine inches.

She is fitted up with a very neat and commodious cabin which is very tastily arranged. The lights on either side are so adjusted that they can be readily moved so as to afford perfect and thorough ventilation. The yacht was built by Mr. Greene, and he is deserving of great praise for the skill and ingenuity he has displayed in designing and constructing it, as he received no assistance from any one in the work. She was rigged up on Monday, and a very pleasant sail was indulged in during the afternoon by a number of the officers of the Institution and a few invited friends.—*Daily (Canada.) Ontario.*

### NATIONAL CLERC HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF-MUTES.

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### MY FIRST TROUT.

Now, there was not much trout-fishing in the neighborhood where my grandfather lived. In fact, no one knew where there was any trout except one old man, the landlord of the tavern. He would take his horse and wagon, drive off before daylight, and come home with a fine string of fish. He never would tell any one where he went. I went one day and said to him, confidentially:

"Mr. Dickey, I want to catch some trout. Can you tell me where to go?"

"Why," he said, "go up along Bull brook, and you'll find some."

I knew, by the way he said it, that he wasn't telling me where he went. Still, I made up my mind I would go to Bull brook and try there. Bull brook was about three miles from the village with not a single house for miles around. I was a lonely place, full of thickets, and was called Bull brook because a great many cattle were pastured about there.

Early in the morning, I started off with my pole, which being jointed could be carried very conveniently. I trudged along the road, which kept winding and growing more and more lonely and dismal, on account of large beech-trees and poplars and gloomy-looking pines which grew along the side of the road, and almost shut out the sunlight. I felt a little afraid of meeting a cross bull, but I whistled a lively tune, and marched on bravely.

At last I arrived at the brook, and got over the stone-wall at the side of the road. There was a thick growth of bushes along the edge of the stream, so that I had to walk some distance before I found an opening where I could get close the water. Everything was so still that I felt rather nervous and almost expected to see a

fierce bull rush out upon me from somewhere. Crickets were chirping, and different kinds of insects were buzzing and humming. No other sound. But hark! What was that? A splash in the brook.

A bull-frog, thought I. I looked in to see if I could discover him. There he was in the bottom of the shallow brook. No, on closer inspection that was not a bull-frog. It couldn't be a fish, for fish swim around, and this little dark thing, whatever it was, was lying quite still at the bottom.

Just then, while I was wondering what it was, a grasshopper, which had jumped by mistake into the middle of the brook, went kicking along on the top of the water. In an instant there was a gleam just where the grasshopper was swimming, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" the grasshopper was gone. I was no longer in doubt about the queer thing at the bottom of the brook. It had disappeared. I knew it must be a trout.

"Ah!" said I to myself, "I'll catch you, Mr. Trout! Then wont the folks in town be surprised, and wont they want to know where I caught him!"

I actually believe I thought more at that moment of what the people would say than I did of catching the trout. I was quite excited. I trembled all over. I captured a grasshopper, and my hand shook while I was putting it on the little hook. I got behind a bush and very carefully lowered my line until the bait touched the surface of the water.

I was terribly excited, as much so as if the brook was a big cannon and the moment the bait touched it there would be a tremendous explosion. There was an explosion, but of a different sort. A plunge, a splash, and I gave a jerk strong enough to tear the bottom of the brook right out.

I went heels over head backward on the grass, and on scrambling to my feet, looked eagerly at the end of my line to see my trout. But no trout was there, and what was more, the grasshopper was gone.

"What a fool I was," said I to myself, "to tear the line out of the water in that way, and scare all the fish. Now I wont catch any, and the people will laugh at me when I get home.

I caught another grasshopper, and tried again and again, but it was of no use. The fish were evidently frightened. My feelings, from the highest pitch of hope and exultation, were reduced to those of despair and chagrin. I almost cried. I hated to give it up; so I tried a little further down the brook.

This time the grasshopper lay undisturbed on the top of the water for several minutes, and I was just about to pull him up and try somewhere else, when there was a ripple in the water—a splash! The grasshopper disappeared, and there was a jerk on my line! I, too, gave a jerk upward. Oh, how delightfully hard the line pulled up! And then, as I whisked my pole round toward the land, there came out of the water a silvery, sparkling fish! In a moment, he was lying on the grass—my first trout!

How I walked around him and gazed at him, and admired his beautiful spots, resplendent in the sun!

No more fishing that day. I had my fish. It only remained now to get home. It was the middle of the afternoon when I folded up my rod, and with my trout strung upon a piece of fish-line, started homeward. I went along the road pretty rapidly, I can tell you. I had no fear of bulls now. I was too much interested in getting home with my fish to think about that. I verily believe if I had met a bull, and he had tossed me, I should have gone up into the air holding on to that trout like a martyr. Alexander the Great, when he entered in a triumphal car one of the cities he had conquered, could not have felt prouder than I did when I entered the village, dusty and tired, and exhibited my prize to the astonished townspeople.

I have a great many times in my life worked hard and overcome difficulties, but I do not remember ever feeling such satisfaction and such pride as when I caught my first trout.—*Edward W. Cady, in St. Nicholas for June.*

SOURCES OF OUR FOOD SUPPLY.—To Asia, and probably India, where wild chickens yet abound under the designation of jungle fowl, the English owe their domestic poultry. Throughout the negro kingdoms of West Africa fowls are plentiful, while in more civilized Abyssinia and Arabia they are comparatively scarce. Persia abounds in poultry, while in Turkey few domestic birds, except the sacred pigeons, are to be seen. To Asia belong the fallow deer and the gorgeous peacock, while to her we owe all our vegetables, with the exception of the potato. It is impossible to conceive the poverty, so far as vegetables were concerned, of the England that passed under the sway of Norman and Angevin Kings. Some hardy varieties of the cabbage did indeed exist, and were supplemented by long forgotten herbs, which have since been deemed only suitable to the rabbit hutch. The peas and beans brought in by returning crusaders were presently eked out by carrots, but down to the reign of Elizabeth the garden yielded little tribute to the kitchen in Britain.

## INSTITUTION NEWS.

### INDIANA.

"WOULD you like to have a picnic?" "O, indeed we would!" Eager hands thrown up in every direction indicated the delighted assent of all when the Superintendent made this proposition in the chapel one morning in April. So the time was fixed for the first of May.

But alas! the first of May was raw and cold, and many looked out of the windows disconsolately. Rain, cold, and sunshine; sunshine, cold, and rain, with only a sprinkling of the first and a large predominance of the last, made our picnic a long time coming, and it was not until the 27th of May that it was thought both dry and warm enough to venture into the woods.

Our Institution is just without the eastern corporation line of the city of Indianapolis, and less than a quarter of a mile off is a delightful grove, to which it was decided to repair. About nine o'clock teachers and pupils marched out, and soon racehoops, rubber and croquet balls were flying energetically, while a huge swing hastily but securely put up, immediately formed the chief centre of attraction to the little ones. The very air was enough to drive one mad with frolic after being housed up through such a long, long Winter, and the abandonment to play was so contagious that even Mr. Gillet was persuaded to try his first game at croquet. He always thought he was too old to learn before.

At half past twelve, the signal was given to hie home to dinner. What! a picnic with dinner in the house? Not a bit of it. The grounds in front of the Institution are very large, well shaded, and more beautiful than any unkept grove; and on our return we found several large tables spread there fairly groaning with as nice eatables as were ever devised for a picnic, while iced lemonade and oranges were more than plentiful. Every one both ate and carried away all they could.

The afternoon and evening were spent in the grounds, some strolling, some playing, and some sitting in apparently delightful confidential talks. It was evidently considered a very interesting scene by many curious passers by who stopped to gaze upon it. One little scene was somewhat curious. A little girl about nine years old displayed such fleetness in running in some game that it was determined to test her powers in that direction by a race. She was the victor in two trials across the croquet lawn with two different boys, and bore her honors with great elation. This is a new sphere of competition for girls; one in which we never heard they aspired to excel.

As the shades of evening fell, the handkerchief of the teacher in charge fluttered forth, and the weary yet happy, picnickers gathered into the house, many declaring it was the most pleasant day they ever spent in their life.

Supt. Gillet, of the Illinois Institution, called here on the 23d of May. The evening of the same day, Mr. Church gave one of his magic lantern entertainments in the chapel, much to the delight of the little ones. School closes June 30th, after which the readers of THE SILENT WORLD may expect a short letter.

LAURA.



## OHIO.

DAME NATURE has clothed the lawn about the stately building with soft, velvet-like verdant coat, thereby adding greatly to the already beautiful grounds of the Institution; and as one passes the place in the evening when the children are scattered over the grounds engaged in various out-door sports, the scene which presents itself to view, is indeed one of animated interest. Here on the side set apart for the "gentler sex," you will see them jumping the rope, playing croquet, or huddled together in small groups, conversing; while, over on the other side, their sterner school-mates amuse themselves mostly with the bat and ball, at which some of even the smallest are quite expert, also some may be seen trying their legs at pedestrianism and at wheelbarrow races, though under peculiar circumstances, i. e. having their legs bound together in such a manner that in order to get over the ground they have to do it by jumping; the spectacle is unique and at the same time quite laughable to lookers on.

The Independent Base Ball Club, of the Institution, has been playing a series of friendly games this season with city clubs, and until recently, carried off the palm in the contests. However they were not to be victors always, for the tables were lately turned against them. The game took place on the Institution grounds, and was a very exciting and close one: the score being a tie at the end of the ninth inning. In the tenth inning, the Independents went out without scoring a single run, while their opponents (the Franklins) made two, thus winning the game. Score: Independents 19; Franklins 21. Nor is this all, in a game played with the Buckeye Base Ball Club, the oldest and perhaps the best organization of the kind in the city, our boys were beaten to the tune of 56 to 16. I hope, however, they will be able to make up for this defeat before school closes.

Ere the next number of THE SILENT WORLD reaches its readers, another school year will have been added to the history of the Institution, another year of trial and pleasure to those whose course is still in progress; while to a few, it will mark the terminal point of their school-life. In looking back over the years they have spent within the Institution, let us hope that they have been years fruitful and enjoyable to themselves. Preparations for the closing exercises are already in progress, and we may anticipate quite a time. Gov. Allen is expected to be present and address the graduating class. On Monday evening, the 14th inst., the Clionia Society will celebrate its seventh Anniversary by giving an exhibition in pantomime and other exercises of a literary character.

The "annual picnic" of the Institution, always an occasion looked forward to by the pupils with a great deal of anticipated enjoyment, will not take place till the 8th instant, and its postponement to such a late date has caused no ordinary amount of disappointment among them. However, I conjecture that they will have a good time on the occasion, and when the sun sets on that particular day and the household returns from the scenes of hilarity and enjoyment, it will acquiesce in the old proverb, "Better late than never."

The *Chronicle* in its new dress and other improvements certainly speaks well of itself, and if it keeps on in the progress it has made, the day is not far distant, I hope, when it will be able to come out as an illustrated sheet: a possibility of which its readers have already seen suggestions of in the last two numbers.

The printing and binding departments are both doing well under the new regime, which came into office the fore part of April; and especially is this so of the printing office. The new foreman gives entire satisfaction: in the language of one of the pupils, he is a "bully fellow."

The several class ivies, planted around the office of the Superintendent, are all growing finely, since warm weather set in. That, however, of '73's is outstripping them all, having already reached above the second story of the building, and is truly following the old maxim "Onward and upward."

Columbus, Ohio, June 4, 1875.

ABOUT eight o'clock on the evening of the 2d inst., a terrific wind storm, lasting some fifteen minutes, swept over the city demolishing trees, chimneys, and roofs in its furious course, and doing no small amount of damage.

The first sign we had of its approach was a dark cloud hailing from the south-west, which gradually passed around to the east wing of the building occupied by the boys, and in a moment lifted two-thirds of the roof of the wing from its hold and sent it crashing down to the ground below. The noise and the sound of the fall caused a general rising up among the boys, who, fortunately, were all in the study-room, engaged at their lessons at the time, and it was some time before order could be restored. After it became known what had happened and the extent of the damage done great relief was felt: that they had all escaped injury. Pieces of the cornice were carried by the wind a considerable distance before reaching the ground—one, about sixteen feet long, was deposited near the gate of Mr. Park's residence.

The beds were immediately taken out of the upper dormitory, and the halls converted into sleeping apartments, for which purpose they will be used during the remainder of the school session.

The damage thus done will amount to between two and four thousand dollars, and at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, which was held next morning, steps were taken to have the damage at once repaired. Work has already been commenced on it.

At this writing, it looks as if the boys would have to vacate their study-room and seek quarters in the chapel or elsewhere in which to pursue their studies, as it has been raining almost uninterruptedly all day, and the water has leaked through the floors of the two dormitories down into the study-room of the unroofed wing.

Columbus, Ohio, June 6, 1875.

## A NEW INSTITUTION IN MICHIGAN.

YESTERDAY the Evangelical German Lutheran Deaf and Dumb Institution, at Norris, was formally dedicated. Norris is a small station on the Detroit and Bay City Railroad, about eight miles from Detroit by rail.

The Institution is located on a tract of twenty acres of land, situated an eighth of a mile east from the railway station at Norris. The site was the gift of Mr. Philetus W. Norris, who owns 2,000 acres of land in that immediate vicinity, and is building up a pretty village which bears his name. The Institution was commenced last season, and is now fully completed, though some rooms still remain to be furnished.

The Institution is under the management and care of the German Evangelical Lutheran Church on Gratiot avenue, and is an offshoot of an orphan Asylum formerly established by the same congregation at Royal Oak, and now located in Illinois temporarily. This Institution was incorporated in March, 1873, and opened in the following July with several orphans in a small building at Royal Oak. The Rev. George Speckhardt, a gentleman who for many years had been connected with a deaf-mute institution in Germany, was engaged as its Superintendent, and he enlarged the original plan of the Institution by taking in deaf and dumb children for instruction. His system of instruction teaches the pupils to articulate and talk, and to understand another person talking by the movement of the lips. This system has been practiced with great success in Germany for nearly a quarter of a century, and Mr. Speckhardt has been very successful with his pupils. In view of these facts it was deemed advisable by the Board of Trustees to establish an Institution, exclusively for the instruction of Deaf-mutes according to the new system, and accordingly they looked about for a location in close proximity to Detroit, where they could erect a suitable building. Col. Norris generously offered to give an elegant site. The offer was accepted.

The building is of brick, with tone dressings, of the Italian style of architecture. It has a high basement with three additional stories and is surmounted by a tower. The dimensions of the building are, length 74 feet, width 46 feet, and height, to the top of the tower, 72 feet. The basement is seven feet clear, first and second stories 11 feet each, and third story 10 feet. Brick partition walls are carried up to the roof, making the building a very strong and substantial one. The internal arrangement of the building is similar to that of the Detroit City Hall. Two corridors, each 12 feet wide, and crossing each other, run through the center from end to end and side to side. On the first floor, at the right of the main hall, entering from the front, is a dining-room 28x16 feet, and opposite are the kitchen, pantry, etc. On the left is a school-room 19x16 feet, with a recitation room 18x16 feet opening out of it. On the opposite side of the hall, running lengthwise, are rooms of similar dimensions and for the same purposes. On the second floor there are nine rooms, each 18x16 feet, and on the third floor are four large sleeping rooms for the pupils. The Institution will accommodate about 100 pupils, and has cost about \$20,000.

The enterprise is a charitable one, and will depend for its support upon the donations of benevolent people. Those pupils or their friends or guardians who are able to pay the expenses of their board and tuition will be expected to do so, but if any deaf-mutes are too poor to pay, they will receive board and instruction free.

The dedicatory exercises commenced at ten o'clock, and, with an intermission for dinner, continued until four P. M., the German language being used almost entirely. The attendance was large, persons coming from the surrounding country in carriages and a special train of six coaches run out from Detroit by the authorities of the Bay City lines. Probably fully 1,000 persons were present. The exercises took place in an orchard adjoining the Institution, a platform having been built under a huge tree, and benches having been scattered about near its base. The day was a delightful one, and the proceedings passed off with entire success and to the enjoyment of every one present.

The Institution seems likely to flourish and to accomplish a vast amount of work. It is now comfortably fitted up, the study- and recitation-rooms being provided with the apparatus required for teaching the deaf and dumb, and the dormitories and dining-rooms bearing evidence of much thoughtful care for the welfare of the children considered from a rational point of view.—*Detroit Tribune*, May 27.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

They have laid out a new city in Iowa, you can tell when you come to it easily by a sign sticking up in the mud with the name of the place written in charcoal.

An innocent man, Calvin H. Watson, has been pardoned out of a Massachusetts prison after serving half of a two years' sentence for the supposed theft of a horse.

A woman rag-picker of Indianapolis, who has always lived in the utmost squalor, and was supposed to be very poor, died the other day, and is now found to have been worth nearly \$100,000.

Massachusetts has a State senator to be proud of. William C. Lovering, of Bristol County, returned \$250 to the State treasury, because he had been absent a third of the session on account of illness.

A game of chess between a player of Pforzheim, in Baden, and another in New York, begun in 1859, has just ended after sixteen years' playing, the New Yorker winning. The moves were conducted by letter.

China has a very singular plant called the chameleon flower, a kind of creeper of the convolvuli tribe, which in the morning is a deep blue, at noon pink, while at night it becomes quite white, and soon afterwards fades away.

Sniffles is a great hand to experiment. The other day he bought a dollar's worth of pins and sowed them over his garden beds. He expects soon to have the satisfaction of seeing all his neighbor's chickens walking out of his garden on their knees.

A clergyman in one of our Eastern cities was met by a seedy looking man with a flask of whiskey in his pocket, who inquired, "Sir, is this the nearest road to the almshouse?" "No, sir," replied the clergyman, pointing to the bottle, "but that is."

A kind-hearted baker in Charleston, Mass., who regularly filled a basket with broken bread for a female beggar every morning, was somewhat surprised the other day, to ascertain that she was a boarding-house keeper, and that ten people daily sat at her table.

The consolidated Virginia Silver Mine of Virginia City, Nev., is now yielding more than a million dollars worth of silver per month, and the stock sells at \$430. The stock of no other company in that mining district is quoted higher than \$83 per share.

An Indiana man recently opened one of the hollow wooden pillars supporting his porch, and, up to his utter astonishment, found within the remains of more than four hundred dead birds. They had made an entrance through a small hole at the top of the pillar, and were unable to escape.

They tell a tough story about a new baggage man on one of our local trains," says the *Los Angeles Star*. He was told to pile up the trunks in a baggage car, and be sure to keep the checks on the outside. The liberal-minded youth piled up the trunks, and then took off the checks, with the leather straps attached, and hung them up on the outside of the car. The baggage master at the depot was driven nearly frantic by the passengers per the Orizaba attempting to identify their boxes.

The cheekiest performance on the part of a tramp yet heard of is reported from Hartford, where three of that fraternity called at a house, the other day, armed with a raw shad, which they said they had just caught, and begged leave to cook it over the kitchen fire. The lady of the house, glad to encourage their unusual industry in catching the fish, let them use the fire, after which then made a hearty meal and departed. When the lady was about to prepare her own dinner and went for a shad which she had laid away in a cool place, she found it not—the tramps had stolen it, and without a suspicion she had let them cook it before her very eyes.

According to G. W. P. Custis's recollections, the grooming of Washington's white horses was something surprising. The night before the horses were expected to be ridden they were covered entirely over with a paste, of which whiting was the principal component part; then the animals were swathed in body clothes, and left to sleep on clean straw. In the morning the composition had become hard, was well rubbed in, and curried and brushed, which process gave to the coats a beautiful glossy and satin-like appearance. The hoofs were then blackened and polished, the mouths washed, teeth picked and cleaned, and the leopard-skin housings being properly adjusted, the white chargers were led out for service.

## THE FORTNIGHT.

The new Masonic Temple of New York was dedicated on June 2d. There was a procession of Masons from all parts of the country, in which about 20,000 men took part.

Secretary Bristow is pushing the whisky fraud investigation in the West, and is confident he can secure the conviction of members of the whiskey ring out there. A good many additional seizures are being made.

A very adroit and mysterious robbery was perpetrated in the office of the United States Treasury at Washington, on the afternoon of June 2. The amount stolen was \$47,500, and thus far all efforts to discover the thief and recover the money have been unsuccessful.

The jury of inquest on the Holyoke disaster have returned a verdict exonerating all the persons immediately connected with the fire, but condemning the criminal carelessness shown in the construction of the galleries and the means of egress therefrom. They also strongly deprecate the use of inflammable articles upon and near the altars of Churches.

The expedition for the survey of the Black Hills had reached on June 9, a point about twenty miles from the place where gold has been reported as abundant, but so far no indications of gold had been found. The party consists of some fifteen or twenty persons and a military escort of about four hundred men, including infantry, cavalry and artillery.

The President has at last expressed himself on the third-term question. In a letter called out by the action of the Pennsylvania State republican convention he says he is not, nor has he ever been, a candidate for renomination, and that he "would not accept a renomination if it were tendered, unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty, a circumstance not likely to arise."

The recent visit of the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians to Washington is not regarded at the Interior Department as a failure, many points of interest, it is claimed, were gained. The Indians now have a better understanding of their position and dependence on the government, and, although the Black Hills were not bought, the Indians are impressed with the idea that they will have to give up their present hunting grounds sooner or later.

Just as the Carlist cause in Spain was supposed to have been worn out by fruitless battles, continued desertions, and long and hopeless suspense, Don Carlos comes to the front again. It is now asserted the Alfonist government is too weak to obtain the sympathy of those who lean confidently to the stronger side, and that Don Carlos has still formidable army and wealthy friends to support his cause. Recent movements and battles would seem to give force to this assertion.

The Postmaster-General has received a letter from a firm in New York, offering to furnish a machine that would take a news train from New York to Washington in three hours, and through to Chicago in thirteen hours. They asked the co-operation of the Postmaster-General in establishing it by using it for a mail train. A reply was sent to them, stating that there is no legal means by which the Department can enter into competition with private enterprises in such an undertaking, it being only empowered to contract for the transportation of the mails.

There were received at the Post-Office Department on June 8, and sent to the Dead Letter Office two packages containing a portion of the correspondence sent out in the mail from New York on the Schiller, which was wrecked on the Scilly Isles. They were received in such a damaged condition as to render it impossible to ascertain to whom they were addressed, the addresses being almost entirely obliterated by the salt water. The envelopes were broken and torn, in most instances having become almost pulpy. Several of them contained photographs, and in one of the packages were two sheets of parchment headed in large capital letters, "Pius, P. P. IP." The contents were written in Latin, and in the left-hand lower corner was a red seal containing a portrait of the Pope. Most of the letters were written in European languages.

## MARRIED.

MR. H. STEWART STEVENSON, of Baltimore, Md., and Miss DIANA C. WINGERT, of Reading, Pa., by Rev. Dr. Garvey, at the residence of the bride's mother in Reading, Pa., on the 16th of April, 1875.